

Finley Quaye

"From Yo Hood 2 My Hood"

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Geah

Your lesson for y'all out there
All the thug niggas on the block regulatin'
This goes out for y'all
(West Side)
Gangstas will rule the world in the Y2K
Check it out

Can y'all see where I'm comin from
Hoods and blocks and G's with glocks
Young thug niggas with rocks
Everyday and night cause ain't - nuthin' changed
Destiny is meant for niggas to hoo-bang
Lord have mercy - to the ones that's gone
Cause only you upstairs know was wrong
Night time hits, here comes the fire flies
One more block to catch the drive-by
Code of the streets you pack heat and skeet
Any fuckin' hoodrat bitch you can meet
Poor muthafuckas still wating - on the county
Young black niggas dodgin' the county mountie
Who got the fat stacks, the pack stacks
Slugs to your back if my clientele you jack
Knick knack - patty wack, packs straps
Patty-wack your own homie trying to cheat on craps

From yo hood 2 my hood's all the same
Like yo hood and mine learn the same games
Thug niggas, strapped girls down on planes
If you get caught then don't say no names

I gotta flick from a homie doing ten in the pen
Gotta a little bigger since my lil' nigga went in
Lotta tales 'bout fools gettin' em up and shanked
Whose mouth tight shut? Whose shit that stink?
Gotta lil' message - 'bout the bitch you fucked
A nigga cross town got the hoodrat stuck
Me and Loc jacked that nigga last week fo' ends
I shoot a lil' paper till you up in the pen
Fools still riding - got the spot on lock
We gon' chill right here till you back on the block

Nigga still bailin round here khakis and stars
High as fuck as we throw the hood out the car
We miss the days when you used to get drunk at night
Never bailed on a homie when it's time to fight
One times jacked us the last night, face in the dirt
Tryin' to get info on who shot the store clerk

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Somebody help me out the ghetto
Ya know - same story just like before
I don't wanna be here just like you
I slangs just 'bout everything to start new
Do you have the answer?
Niggas gettin' popped - dying off just like cancer
You got your enemies, you got your old G's
In the penitentiaries just want to be free
If I had another chance would I do it again?
Rewind the time and head right back to the pen
Seems like I can't escaped this world of sin
Judgement for this young thug in the end
Time's up - this thug caught a slug
In another town trying to slang drugs
My moms pray for my soul
As I lay below
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

Chorus...

Geah
You how we do it

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